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LADY OF
ShALOTT:

BY A TENNYSON:

5821 Tennyson
Lady of Shalott

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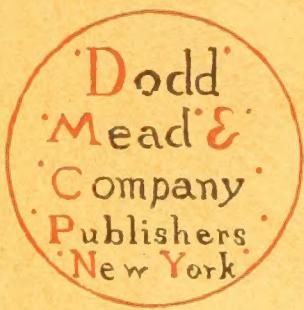
THE CENTRAL CHILDREN'S ROOM
DONALD LIPSON
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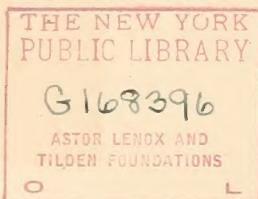
Decorated by
Howard Pyle.





ho.

Lady of.
Shalott.



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+ A DESCRI

PTION OF

Long. fiedles. of. ballyx. and. of. kyo.
Chat. clothe. the. wold. and. meet. the. ske.
And. thro. the. fiedle. the. road. run. the. he.
To. mire. to. weke. to. Camelot.
And. up. and. down. the. people. go.
Grazing. where. the. lities. blow.
Round. an. island. the. he. below.
The. Island. of. S. Galott:

THE CAS



11. v. on the side.

RP

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-tower'd Camelot;

And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,

The Island of Shalott.



①
The:people:
passing:the:
Island



THE FAIRY LADY OF SHALOTT

IN THE SPACE OF FLOWERS



卷之三



A:DESCRIPTION:

A detailed illustration of a medieval-style manuscript page. The text is written in a flowing, Gothic script in red, black, and blue ink. The background features a landscape with a red river, green hills, and a blue sky with a sun. A circular emblem with a cross is in the bottom left, and a small boat with figures is in the bottom right.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs forever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a sparc of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers,
The Lady of Shalott.

PASSING ALONG

THE RIVER

ALONG: HIGH

Slideth the bargos. by oche traile
By stond okes an e. withall
Ghesballop. flitteth silken-saie.
Srimming. down to Camelot.
But who hath seen hor wave. hor han
Or hor clement. sver hor stan?
Re. she bry in all the land:
Re. the lacy of Ghalott:



By the margin, willow-beil'd,
Bide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhaile'd
The shallow flittering silken-sail'd

Skimming down to Camelot:

But who hath seen her bade her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,

The Lady of Shalott?





THE RINGING:



THE RINGING: THE RINGING: THE RINGING: THE RINGING:

In among the boughs of bairds
Hear a song that echoes clearly
From a high ridge winding cloudy
Down to to work Camelot
And by the moon the keeper weareth
Pining goaves in uplands air
Garemig whispeks his the Fair
Lady of Shalott

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,

Down to lower'd Camelot:

And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers 'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott.'



THE:WEARY:REPEARS:BAKERAGH:K

W:GHE:W:CON:HEAR:REK:SIG:FIG:

THE: SECON: PART: RELAT: ING: TO: THE: SIGHTS: THAT

TO: THE: MAGIC: WEB: THE: FAIRY: LADY: WOVE: IN



Ort.



THE: FAIRY: LADY: WOVE: IN

DAY BY DAY



She weaves
By night and day
A magic web of colors say
She bathes her board a whisper say
A curse is on her if she stay
Go look down to Camelot
She knows not what that our see may be
And so she weaveth steadily
And little other care hath she
The Lady of Shalott



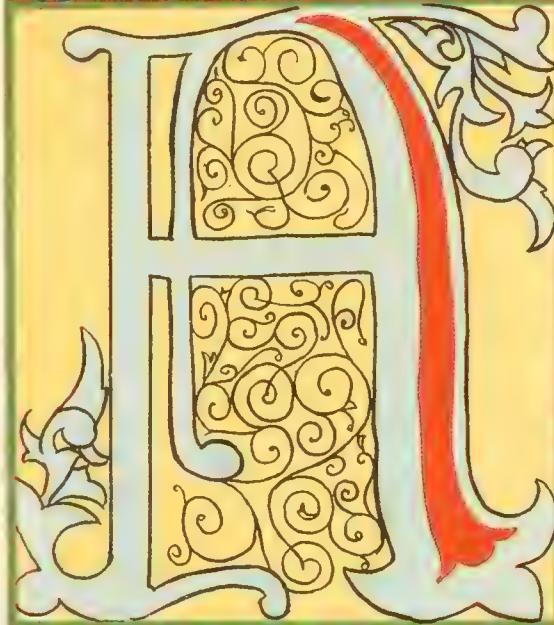
There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay

To look down to Camelot.

She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,

The Lady of Shalott.

WHAT SHE SEES



IN THE MIRROR

What hangs before her all the year:
Shadows of the world appear;
There she sees the highway near:
Winding down to Camelot;
There the river eddy whirls;
And the sulky village churls;
And the Red Cloaks of market girls;
Pass onward from Shalott;



And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shows shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.



Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
Goes by to lower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

ALL THEY'LL WIN



BEHOLD THE DAY

IN HER WED.
She still delights:
To wotwo the mirror's magic sights:
For often in the silent nights:
A funeral with plumes and lights:
And music went to Camelot.
Or when the moon was over road:
Came two young lords newly wed:
"I am half sick of shadows said:
The Lady of Shalott.



But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights,
And music, went to Camelot:

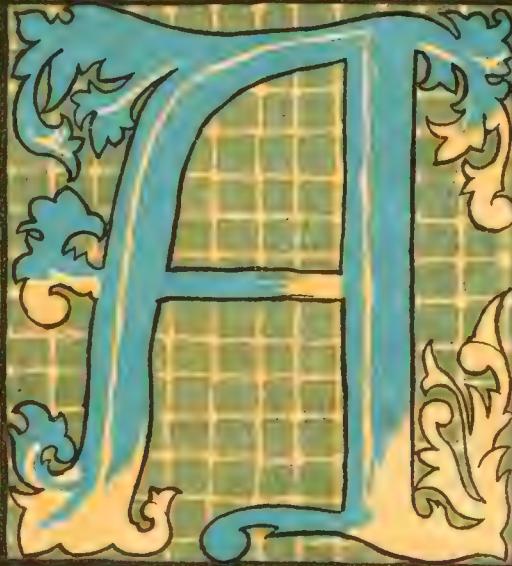
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
'I am half sick of shadows,' said
The Lady of Shalott.





OF THE COMI

ZEN. SPOKEN



NG. OF SIR LANC

ELOT. THE BOLD

IN. THIS

bow-shot from the bower-owes
He rode between the battle-shores
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves
And flamed upon the bazon robes
Of bold Sir Lancelot
A red cross knight forever
To it lay in the shield
That sparkled in the hollow field
The side remote Shalott



Mbow-shot from her bower-babes,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
 Of bold Sir Lancelot.

A red-cross knight forever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

PEAKETH·ALS
THIS·VERSE
O·OF·LANCEL
OT·THE·BOLD·



Like·to·some·bRidle·h
hung·in·the·gold·n·C
Tho·bRidle·be^{the}·morr^{the}·
As·he·Rode·coun·to·Camot^{the}
And·fRom·his·blazon·a·bold·Ric^{the}·hung·
A·mighty·silve^{the}·b^{the}·hungs·
And·as·he·Rode·his·arms·hung
Beside^{the}·temore^{the}·S^{the}·galott^{the}



He gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazon'd baldric swung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
Beside remote Shalott.



DESCRIBETH. ALSO

THE. THIRD. VERSE
E. BOLD. KNIGHT:
GLi

THE. COMING. OF. TH



With the blue
uncloudy c. wea
Ghick-jewell'd. shoun. the. sage-to-long
The. helmet. and. the. batef. on the R.
Burnd: like. one. burning. flame. to other.
As. he. rode. to. town. to. Camelo:
As. often. thro. the. moun. n
Below. the. star. x. sters. of. light:
Some. bea. de. in. the. or. of. f. sil. led. by
Ende. f. over. all. shal. on:

Mill in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

CHÉ·GRILLEN

CHÉ·FOURCHUER·SERVANT·DESCRIBING.

A

As broad as a brow
In sunlight glowed:
On burnished hooves his war-horse rode:
From underneath his helmet glowed:
his coal-black locks as on he rode:
As he rode down to Camelot
From the bank of a river:
he flashed into the crystal mirror:
"Girra·lirra" by the river:
Sang Sir Lancelot

C·KNIG·H·

SIR·LANCELOT

U·

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His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse rode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,

As he rode down to Camelot.

From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
'Tirra lirra,' by the river

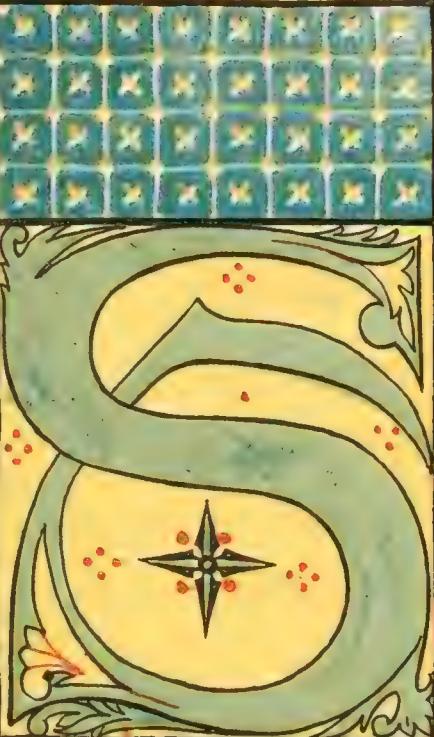
Sang Sir Lancelot.





Ch. LADY: BRING: S: Ch. ER: CUR: S: ER:

UP ON HER:



He left the web:
She left the loom:
She made three paces thro' the Room:
She saw the water lily bloom:
She saw the helmet and the plume:
She looked down to Camelot:
Out flew the web and flower'd vine:
The mirror crack'd from side to side:
The curse has come upon me & King
The Lady of Shalott

(P:

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
'The curse is come upon me,' cried
The Lady of Shalott.





IN·WHICH·THE·FAIRY·LADY·DIE

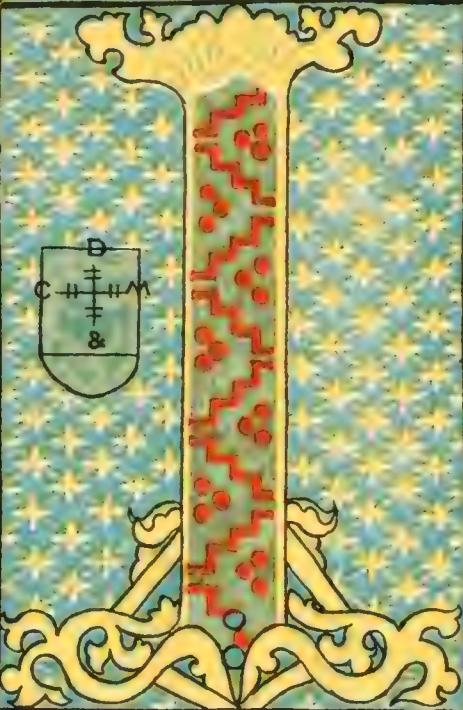
TH·SWANLIKE·IN·SONG·



THRI
IV

IN WHICH THE FAIRY LADY SEEKS

THE RIVER:



IV. THE STORMY.

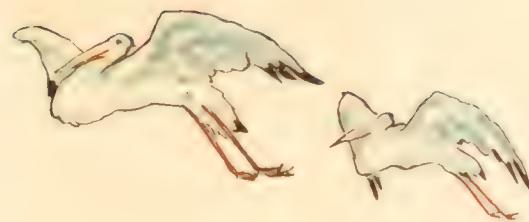
East-wind-stormy.
The pale-yellow-woods-were-raining.
The broad-stream-in-his-banks-complaining
heavily-the-low-sigh-Raining.

Over-tow'r' Camelot
Down-sho-came-and-found-a-boat
Beneath-a-willow-left-afloat;
And-round-about-the-row-she-wrote:
The Lady of Shalott.



En the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over lower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.







W^t. down the River's
dim. expanse.
Like some bold seer in a trance
Seeing all his own mischance;
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot;
And at the closing of the day
She loose^d the chain and down she lay
The broad stream bore her faraway.
The Lady of Shalott



Mnd down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold peer in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance

Did she look to Camelot.

And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,

The Lady of Shalott.



Yiyo. Robed:
In. snowy. white:
That. looselx. flew. to. left. and. Right:
The. leaves. upon. her. falling. light:
Thro. the. noises. of. the. night:
She. floated. down. to. Camelot:
And. as. the. boat. had. wound. along:
The. willow. hills. and. fields. among:
They. heard. her. singing. her. last. song:
The. Lady. of. Shalott:

Ho is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they cross'd themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, 'She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott.'



Ling, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night

She floated down to Camelot:

And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,

The Lady of Shalott.

Cher. STREAM:

H



Oar. a carol.
mouknful. holix:
Chante & loucky. chante & lowly:
Till. her. blood. was. s. Rozen. s lowly:
And. her. eyes. were. carben. wholly:
Turn'd. to. fower. &. Camelot:
For. eke. she. reach'd. upon. the. tide. o:
The. fir. st. house. by. the. water. s. tide. o:
Singing. in. her. song. she. die. d:
The. Lady. of. Shalott:



Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,

Turn'd to lower'd Camelot.

For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,

The Lady of Shalott.

THE DEAD LADY FLOATETH DOWN YE



STREAM TOWARD CAMELOT





WOOD·TOWER·

and·baleony·

A·gleaming·shape·she·floated·by·

A·corse·between·the·houses·high

Silent·into·Camelot·

Out·upon·the·wharfs·the·came·

Knight·and·barghor·lore·and·came·

And·Round·the·prow·they·read·her·name·

The·Lady·of·Shalott·

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.







And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of joyful cheer.
And they crossed themselves for fear.
All the Knights of Camelot
But Lancelot muse d a little space
he said. "She has a lovely face
God in his mercies send her grace
The Lady of Shalott."



Bo
ond:

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